

Some Humorous Bits of Bright Words

"When I give out that I would preach at the head of Trace road," said Rev. Lemuel Penrod the other day, "my friends all up on'te me I'd never git a congregashun. They sed that wuz never a rope of savin' grace made stout enough to drag them 'er natives to the fear of the spirit."

"But I knowed better. Although you may think I wuz city born, an' have wore out the backs w' many coats against college walls, hits all er mistake. I wuz born and fotched up in the mountains. I know ye don't believe hit. Hit looks unreasonable, but, suh, I'm er self-made man. I edercated myself. I hadnt got nobody but the Lord an' myself ter thank for the work I hev done, suh."

"This is goin' er little out in the brush from the road I started on, but what I want ter 'splain iz thet I knowed the people. I wuz born among 'em, an' I know 'em through an' thorough."

"What did I'm swingin' er' the crowd? Wall, suh, I got me a spring wagin' an' sed six four-gallon jugs in the back part uv it. Every house I'd pass on the way ter preachin' grounds I'd lift up a jug an' pretend ter be drinkin'. Then I'd sed down the jug, lift up me voice an' shout: 'Come all ye thet are thirsty er' the blessed spirit ter the head of Injun, and ye shall be filled!' The whole family, an' all their visitors, wud take arter my wagin. I kep' repeatin' this dose in front uv every house, an' when I got ter the place fer preachin' I had the biggest gatherin' the ever hed been seen in thet neck of the woods. A revival begun at once. Forty souls wuz brought ter Christ, an' only one man killed durin' that blessed week!"

I was stopping for the night on Christy creek, in Carter county. The "ole man" woman, six ter eight, wuz ays (all grown), three hands and myself made a semi-circle about a great, cavernous fireplace filled with roaring hickory and beech logs.

One great, strapping young giant sat with his left shoulder against one jamb, and with his right arm resting on the right against the other. They sed to each other, and I saw them frequently exchange smiling glances which they well understood. They were holding a wordless conversation, and I expect it related to my very self-important self.

Finally the young man drew in his outstretched legs, making his big boot heels scrape harshly on the earth and puncheon floor as he did so. He stretched out his long arms, like wings, yawned and rose up. He then crooked a long, dark-complexioned index finger toward me.

"I want ter see ye outside a minit, stranger."

I went out with him. Little shivers played hide and seek up and down my spinal column as I stood, in frightened perplexity, below this tower of muscle and brawn. I hadnt got time ter think blood? Or a drink from a flask I had in my pocket? He kept me in suspense several minutes—many minutes to me then. Then he drew in a deep inspiration and said:

"Stranger, don't ye want ter marry my sister Moll?"

"Why—I—don't understand. What do you mean?"

"Wal, hit's jist this er way: Moll's bound ter marry, that's all ther iz erbout it. She's the best field hand on the place, but she wuz sed she won't never strike another lick har. So we's all workin' ter git her satisfied. I thought Sim Stacey wuz goin' ter take her, but he went to log-rollin', soon after they wuz engaged, an' beat ever man ther liften at er horseshoe. That got his name up, an' ever girl in the county was arter him. That give him the big head, 'er git her satisfied. I an' married Sal Bodkins fer her good looks an' two cows."

"Then Ben Taylor an' her made er contract. They wuz jist er bout ter hitch when his uncle died an' left him two good houses. That started all the gals in the county ter get thet Ben Taylor, who had jist raised the best four acres of terbacker to be found on the creek, an' had two of the biggest feather beds in the county, took er notion to him. Moll wuz left out in the snow again. This kind er thing keeps happenin' with her time ter time. She talked w' hangin' herself, but I tole her ter hold up er while longer, that if she couldn't git a man right big, stout, an' devilish—like Tom Stacey or Bill Latimer—that some little warty, bowlegged cuss, better than nuthin', would come er long some time an' pluck her off. At last, stranger, if you want a wife that can raise more corn than any man you can scare up, jist chinch yerself ter Moll. I know she'll take ye. I cude see it in her eye; besides, ye've got a durned good lookin' in 'er hoss."—Joseph Noel Johnson, in Cincinnati Tribune.

A Street-Car Tragedy.

They had mutual friends, and that fact emboldened him to speak without the ceremony of an introduction.

"Sloppy, isn't it?" he remarked, persuasively.

"Rather," she replied.

A freezing silence followed, but he had no intention of letting the opportunity slip.

"You wear a very long hatpin, do you know?" he said. "Weally, the end reaches out quite far."

"Yes, it's quite a protection."

"But it's all rusty."

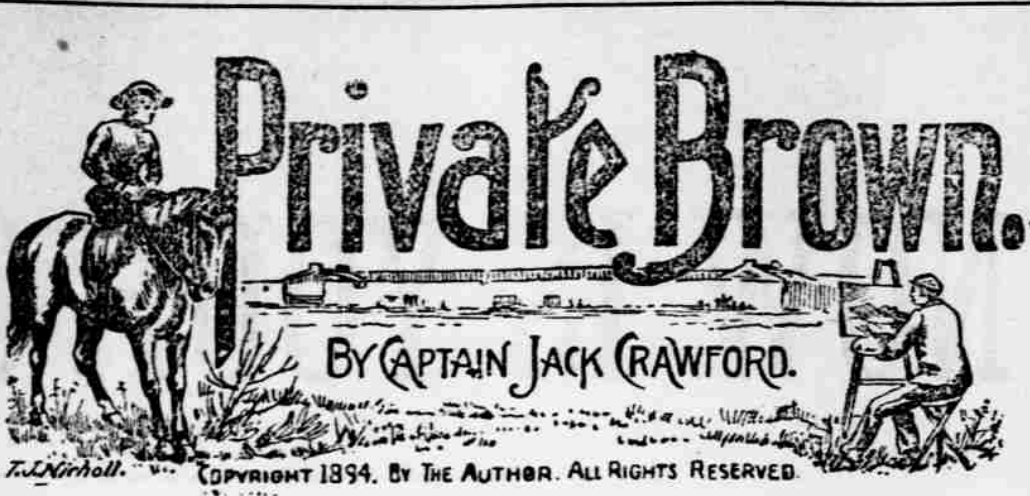
"That isn't rust."

"No? How very queer?"

"It is the blood of chappies who have spoken to me in the street car without an introduction."

"That fellow must have forgotten something," said the conductor, as the chappie bounced from the car without asking him to stop.—Detroit Free Press.

—One of the most conspicuous landmarks, or, rather, snowmarks, in the whole of the arctic regions is the red snowbanks discovered near Cape York, Greenland, by Capt. John Ross in the year 1818. For miles and miles the hills are covered with snow that is as red as though it had been saturated with blood. Lieut. Greeley, who visited that region while on his famous arctic expedition, microscopically examined blood-stained clifts and reports the color due to a minute organism which he calls *protococcus miralis*.



CHAPTER I.
INTRODUCTION.

PORT CRAIG, in the territory of New Mexico, stands upon a high mesa, or piece of table land, overlooking the historic valley of the Rio Grande. The view from the fort is wildly picturesque. The long stretch of river, graded by nature, and the valley dotted with groves of cottonwood trees, the low adobe houses of the Mexican rancheros, the great black boulders and monuments of lava rock across the stream, set in beds of mesquite bushes and cactus, far away to the eastward the bold towering peaks of the San Andres and Oscura ranges, to the westward the Fra Cristobel and the San Mateo ranges of mountains, all contribute to a picture so fascinating in its rugged grandeur and beauty that it would seem as mockery for the most gifted artist to presume to transfer its details to canvas.

All of the buildings of this remote border garrison were built of adobe, of sundried bricks of Mexican manufacture, officers' quarters, barracks for the enlisted men, storerooms, stables, etc., being but one story in height. Around the post ran a line of earthworks thrown up during the civil war when Indian and confederate foe alike coveted its possession. The buildings formed a hollow square around a level parade ground some twenty acres in extent, and in the center during the occupancy of the fort stood a tall flag-staff from the top of which, every day in the year from sunrise to sunset gun, the stars and stripes floated proudly in the semi-tropical breezes.

At the time of which I write the fort was garrisoned by four troops of cavalry, two companies of infantry and a battery of light artillery. The commanding officer, Col. Elmore Sanford, was a dignified, gruff old veteran who had grown gray in the service of his country, a strict disciplinarian who exacted with unflinching severity the performance of every duty from officers and men alike with promptness and precision. Every infraction of military rules met with swift punishment, whether the offender wore the gilded uniform of the officer or the plain garb of the private soldier. He possessed a volcanic temper, at times, when angered, storming and swearing like a madman, then as quickly subsiding into his usual state of icy dignity. Those most familiar with his moods met these fitful outbursts of passion with no thought of resentment, for they knew the old man never meant the half he said, and that beneath his forbidding exterior rested a soul that was really warm and generous.

The light of the old commander's military home was his daughter Alice, his only child, who came as a ray of sunshine into his life but a week before the death of his beloved wife. At the time our story opens Alice was a lovely, sunny-faced girl of eighteen, full of life and spirit, as beautiful in her blonde loveliness as the lily bursting from its bud. She was devotedly attached to her stern old father, who, in her society, laid aside his air of military dignity and allowed the reflection of his really kind heart to play in genial smiles over his soldierly face. He idolized the lovely girl, the last priceless gift from his dying wife, and to contribute to her happiness and enjoyment seemed to be the one leading aim of his life. The best instructors which money could secure had been brought from the far-away east to look after her instruction, and when she reached her eighteenth year her education in all necessary branches was complete, and she possessed as fine accomplishments as she could have secured in any academy in the land. Born in a border military fort and reared in the garrisons of the far west, she became imbued with the spirit of adventure incident to frontier life, and was never so happy as when dashing over the cactus-studded plain or wooded river bottom on her strong-limbed pony or exploring the gulches and canyons cleft in the breasts of the adjacent mountains.

The picture of this young border princess was indelibly stamped upon the hearts of several of the younger officers of the garrison, yet none of them were suitors for her hand. They knew how her father idolized her, and how she had been a jewel set in the crown of his life for him alone, and each one felt that it would be almost sacrilege to attempt to pluck the gem from its parent setting and transfer it to another. She had, seemingly, no especial favorite among the young men of the post. The same sweet smile which she bestowed upon the young officer who threw with delight would illumine her pretty features while bending over the out of a sick soldier in the hospital,

or while thanking the humblest private who had done her a favor. She treated all alike, and came to be looked upon as a treasure which all might admire but none need ever hope to possess. A devoted child whose father so filled every nook of her pure heart that there was no room there for another.

One lovely morning in the month of September, 1896, while returning from a gallop down the valley of the Rio Grande, Miss Sanford rode up a gulch onto the mesa about a mile below the fort. As she came out upon the higher ground she observed a young soldier sitting upon a rock near the trail busily engaged in sketching. She was herself a clever artist and passionately fond of drawing from nature, and her interest in the sketcher was at once aroused. He had not noticed her approach, so deeply interested was he in his work, and she reined in her pony a few yards distant from where he sat to study him. There was a pleased expression on her face when she noted that he was a handsome young man with a frank, honest face, and that the barracks of the private soldier sheltered a man of artistic tastes, and the spectacle presented of a soldier wielding the pencil of the artist was to her a revelation.

The soldier becoming aware of her presence glanced up from his work, and, noting that it was the daughter of the commanding officer who had approached him, quickly arose to his feet, removed his cap and silently waited for her to address him should she desire to do so.

"I am sorry I disturbed you," she said. "Will you permit me to look at the sketch you are making?"

"It is as yet far from complete," he quietly responded, "and I fear you may not be able to form an intelligent idea of what its appearance will be when the details are filled in. I began it but an hour ago."

He handed her the picture, and she sat for some moments closely studying it, occasionally casting her eyes across the intervening desert to the Fra Cristobel range.

"You have chosen a beautiful study," she finally said. "In my eyes the Fra Cristobel is the most attractive of all the ranges which surround us."

"I experience great pleasure in sketching it," he replied. "This will be my third sketch of the range, and I seem to never tire of tracing its bold outlines and copying its rugged details of rock and pine."

Returning to the picture, with a simple "thank you," she rode homeward. She allowed her pony to walk slowly along the trail and did not even chide him for stopping occasionally to snatch a mouthful of grass as he loitered along, so busy were her thoughts with the humble private soldier whom she had just met. She had seen in the yet crude sketch the work of a master hand, and she wondered why it was that one so gifted should be wearing the uniform and performing the duties of a soldier. His manner was that of the polished gentleman, his speech refined and pleasing, and his general demeanor was widely different from that of any of the other soldiers with whom she had been brought in contact. What could a man of his attainments be doing in the ranks of the army? The question flashed through her brain, but not a reply followed in its wake. A frown swept over her face, but as quickly vanished at a rebuking thought.

"O, no, not crime," she mused. "Those clear eyes of his mirrored a clear soul. He must not be classed with those who lurk in the shadow of enlistment to escape the searching eye of justice. There is a romance woven along his trail of life. That *must* be. Perhaps it was an affair of

the heart. Yes, that must be the correct solution of the queer problem. Some cruel fair one in the far-away east of which I have read but never seen, has crushed his happiness and he fled to the army ranks hoping to meet death at the hands of an Indian foe-man. How could a girl be so cruel to so handsome a man, and one so intelligent and refined?"

Thus she mused until she reached her home. Throwing the reins to the orderly in waiting she softly entered her father's sitting-room and awoke him from the half sleep into which he had fallen in his easy chair by a feathery kiss on the cheek.

"Well, Sunshine, did you enjoy your ride?" he asked, drawing her to a seat on his knee and more forcibly returning her kiss.

"O, very much, papa. I rode clear down to the Tafoya ranch six miles be-

low, and on my way back I found such a curiosity."

"You are eternally picking up curiosities. What was it this time? A moss agate, a new species of cactus, his life flower that you never happened to come onto before, or a magnificently large horned toad?"

"O, no, papa, none of those. I could never place this one with my collection. It is not of the geological, floral nor reptile species, papa; but a living, moving, breathing human being."

A Mexican clerk, eh? And what was it like?"

"No, nor was it a Mexican. You are a horribly poor guesser, papa. It was a soldier, a private soldier of the post. I came upon him while he was sketching the Fra Cristobel range, and when I asked if I might look at his sketch I really expected to see nothing but awkward, ill-shaped work. You can imagine my surprise when I observed that he was an artist of no ordinary skill. Oh! there must be such a romance connected with him, and he is clearly a very discovered man of refined tastes in the ranks, papa, driven there by romantic causes?"

"Yes, the romance of crime. The soldier, an assumed name have served as a barrier between many a criminal and the outraged laws. Who is this fellow?"

"O, I am sure this man is not a criminal, papa. You would share that belief with me were you to see him. I spoke but a few words with him, and did not ask his name. He wore the cavalry uniform."

"The Wall, Sunshine, it is not at all improbable that if his past history were laid before you, you would find it a dark one. You must not allow your romantic little brain to picture him a prince in disguise. Come, dinner is waiting, and I am as hungry as a trooper after a hard day's scout. Attention, squad! Right face! Forward, march!"

Gayly trilling the air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" she led the way with military step to the dining-room, the old colonel marching after her with the precision of other days.

CHAPTER II.

The soldier artist resumed his seat as Alice rode away, and sat and watched her until a bend in the trail hid her from his eyes. He had often seen the young girl at a distance, and had admired her graceful figure and light, springy step, but had never before had an opportunity to closely observe her face. As she sat on her pony bowed over her sketch he had studied her features, and he thought he had never seen so beautiful a girl. Her sunny



disposition flashed softly from her laughing blue eyes, and the lingering echoes of her low, sweet voice resounded in his ears in pleasing melody long after she had gone.

There was a marked stir in the social circle of the garrison when an official communication from the war department to the commanding officer, advised him that Mr. Alfred Talbot Vandever, a recent graduate from West Point, had been commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to Troop B, eighth cavalry, stationed at Fort Craio. Lieutenant Vandever was a military under orders to report to Col. Sanford at duty.

At a border military post the officers and their families live in a little world of their own. The social circle at one time remote and unapproachable, described as a military family, the members of which are drawn into close relationship by isolation from the great busy world to the eastward. Within the limits of this circle the strongest ties of friendship are formed, and the frequent social parties which serve as means to break the monotony in the desert of garrison life seem more as family gatherings than fashionable affairs. A brotherly and sisterly feeling exists among the officers and ladies whose lot is cast so far away from the borders of civilization, and when by the time of justice, there is a military order, an officer is transferred to a distant post the departure of himself and family, if he be married, creates a break in the family circle which is as sincerely mourned as would be the departure for a far distant point of a member of a home circle in private life.

The remaining members of a military family suffer a sense of bereavement which can scarcely be conceived by those not familiar with garrison life, and the departure of a member is as sincerely mourned as if bound to those to whom he bids an indefinite farewell by ties of blood.

A prospective addition to the military family is always a matter of much comment. When the accession is to be that of an officer of more or less service in the field, his coming is looked forward to with great pleasure, for in almost, if not quite, every instance he will be known to a majority of the officers at the post. In some of the labyrinthine movements of the great army machine they have been thrown together at different posts and sent, unassuming, to meet the exigencies of the service at widely separated points. When it is announced that a post that Capt. and Mrs. Sinclair are to be stationed there, those who have never met the expected arrivals are enlightened as to their personal appearance, traits of character and social acquaintances by those who have been with them at other posts, and the officer and his lady are received with warm recognition by those who have never before seen them as by their friends of old.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

When an alligator is about to attack a large animal, it swallows a heavy stone. This is to enable it the more easily to drag its enemy under water.

Live fish have been safely transmitted by mail from India to London.

FALSE REPRESENTATIONS.

Republican Journals Distort Facts to Injure the Administration.

That the distinctively republican papers should endeavor to mislead the treasury is hardly surprising, but it is to be expected because it is their regular practice to mislead voters of every class. That agricultural newspapers, published ostensibly for the enlightenment of the farmers, should either intentionally or ignorantly mislead them is altogether wrong and execrable. It is certainly execrable if the editors do it intentionally; nobody will question that. It is equally so if they do it through ignorance, for it is their bounden duty to inform themselves as to the facts concerning which they assume to teach the agricultural community.

This conclusion is drawn from an article in the Michigan Farmer, in which that journal undertakes to criticize the president's financial message. So far as the article is merely critical, we have no quarrel with it, though the currency should be clearly apparent. We shall not quarrel with inferences, which, while they seem to be ill-founded, are to some extent matters of opinion. Such, for instance, is the Farmer's statement that "to demand the payment of duties on imports in gold would at once add to the value of gold and thereby raise the cost of any currency, and as a corollary depreciate the value of other currency." It does not seem to us possible that this could be the result, unless the act which declares it to be the policy of the government to maintain gold and silver at parity in the currency should be repealed; but so long as it is in any degree a matter of opinion we cheerfully concede to the Farmer its right to its own opinion, ridiculous as it may appear to us. We accord the same respect to its opinion that "to retire the greenback, as redeemed, would be to deprive the treasury of the means to its redemption," and as to its recommendation covers an increase in the national bank notes which, with the releasing of the gold now held for the redemption of the greenbacks, would, in our judgment, go very far to overbalance any contraction which the gradual redemption of the greenbacks as proposed could occasion. The contraction is, however, a theoretic possibility; and we are quite willing to concede that the Farmer believes what it says in that behalf.

There are two statements in the article, however, which cannot be explained on the score of dense ignorance or a willful intent to mislead the farmers. One of them is the statement that the greenbacks "are as sound as the government, and cost nothing, while the people will have to pay interest on the bonds." No one who has read the president's message intelligently can be ignorant of the fact that the greenbacks, instead of costing the people nothing, have cost them a great deal, and will continue to do so as long as they are kept outstanding with the obligation upon the government of maintaining a gold reserve to redeem them. Speaking on this point in his message, the president said:

"Objection has been made to the issuance of interest-bearing obligations for the purpose of raising money to pay the interest on the bonds. In point of fact, however, these notes have burdened us with a large load of interest, and it is still accumulating. The aggregate interest on the original issue of bonds the proceeds of which in gold constituted the reserve for the payment of these notes, amounted to \$70,000,000 on January 1, 1895, and the annual charge for interest on those bonds and those issued for the same purpose during the last year will be \$9,145,000, dating from January 1, 1895."

This is a sufficient answer to the Farmer's statement that the greenbacks "cost nothing"; but it does not tell the whole story. Figures carefully compiled by the New York Times show that the actual cost of the greenback to the country—in spite of its non-interest bearing character—was, from March 10, 1862, when it was first issued, to June 30, 1895, \$1,838,807,432. And, notwithstanding this enormous cost, \$346,000,000 of them are still outstanding to be redeemed and released, unless existing laws are changed—at constantly increasing cost.

The other misleading statement of the Farmer which we have in mind relates to the rate of interest on the bonds sold by President Cleveland's administration to maintain the reserve. It is in these words: "The \$100,000,000 in bonds already issued bear 5 per cent. interest. They are payable in twenty years, and will then have cost \$100,000,000 in interest."

Now, while it is quite true that the bonds referred to are nominally 5 per cent. bonds—Congress having refused to authorize the issue of bonds at a lower rate of interest—it is a well-known fact that they were sold at a price which makes the rate of interest the government has to pay only 3 per cent. The cost to the government, therefore, in the twenty years will be only \$60,000,000, instead of \$100,000,000, as the Farmer puts it. In other words, it is \$40,000,000 out of the way in its statement.—Detroit Free Press.

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There is no longer any question of receding help from congress. The administration is the only factor left in the equation. Fortunately we are not tortured by any doubt as to what the president can and will do in such an emergency. He has again made it unmistakably clear that he intends to vindicate the national credit at all costs and by every means at his disposal.—Washington Post.

Criticism of President Cleveland's latest financial message and of the policy which it outlines and represents is easy enough to those who are bound to find fault with everything the administration does, but such criticism is of no use unless it is accompanied by the absence of legislative action, the president could do otherwise than he has done and is doing for the preservation of the nation's credit.—Washington Star.

We protest against the disgraceful methods of the irresponsible republican filibusters who seek at every opportunity to serve their own party by the most extravagant fabrication, the most malignant misrepresentation, and the most hysterical fanfare, by which they hope to submerge every democratic and democratic thing, whether court, official, act or law, in one foul pool of partisan filth and confusion.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HYPOCRITICAL REPUBLICANS.

Puerile Arguments Against the President's Financial Policy.

The republican leaders pretend to believe that the cause of the present treasury trouble lies in the deficiency of the revenues. Said Tom Reed in his speech on the finance bill the other day: "If the revenues equaled the expenditures, whenever a greenback was redeemed it would remain in the treasury. It was the fact of the necessity of its reissuance to meet current obligations that caused the trouble."

If Mr. Reed doesn't know better than that he is not clear headed enough to be president of the United States, or even president of a cross-road grocery. Whenever a greenback dollar is redeemed in gold a gold dollar is gone out of the treasury. The greenback comes in, the gold goes out. The treasury has neither more nor less than it had before, except that in place of a solid gold dollar it now has only its own promise to pay a dollar. Since by Mr. Reed's supposition the receipts and expenditures are exactly equal, the treasury must now pay out the greenback dollar to meet current obligations because it has already paid out the gold dollar.

If the greenback remains in the treasury the current obligations must be paid out of a reserve held in the treasury, and the last dollar something besides a greenback. There is no other way. But in case of a run the reserve may be exhausted, and then the greenbacks redeemed in gold coin must be paid out to meet current obligations, as above stated, precisely as parity in the currency should be repealed; but so long as it is in any degree a matter of opinion we cheerfully concede to the Farmer its right to its own opinion, ridiculous as it may appear to us. We accord the same respect to its opinion that "to retire the greenback, as redeemed, would be to deprive the treasury of the means to its redemption," and as to its recommendation covers an increase in the national bank notes which, with the releasing of the gold now held for the redemption of the greenbacks, would, in our judgment, go very far to overbalance any contraction which the gradual redemption of the greenbacks as proposed could occasion. The contraction is, however, a theoretic possibility; and we are quite willing to concede that the Farmer believes what it says in that behalf.

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PITH AND POINT.

—Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same time cuts the sinews at the wrists.—Sterling.

—"Is George getting on well with his French?" "Yes, indeed. Why he can translate the most difficult parts of Terill."—Judge.

—"Figs"—"Suffrage is the shield that protects the American people." Fogg—"Yes; but a shield with too many bores."—Boston Transcript.

—"How could you conscientiously tell Miss Elder that she is the only woman you ever loved?" "It is a fact. Compared to her the others were mere girls."—Boston Budget.

—"So Rusher has got a job at last, eh? I wonder if it is that one with the sleeping-car company?" "I guess not. At least he told me he'd struck a comfortable berth."—Buffalo Courier.

—"Nervous Old Lady (to deck-hand on steamboat)—"Mr. Steamboat Man, is there any fear of danger?" Deck-hand (carelessly)—"Plenty of fear, ma'am, but no danger."—Democrat.

—"Mrs. Houser—"Have you any idea what 'speaking terms' means, Mr. Houser?" Houser—"Certainly, madam. Anywhere from fifty dollars to two hundred dollars per night, according to the prominence of the lecturer."—Buffalo Courier.

—"An Easy Way Out of It—Father—"He says that he loves you, but can he support you in the style that you have been accustomed to?" Daughter—"Even better, father, dear, if you will furnish the money; that is all that discourages him."—Pleasant Ocean.

—"I hope you don't find the amount unreasonable," said the landlord. "Oh no," was the reply, the amount is very reasonable. What I want to know is how many months do you give me pay in? Of course, I want a reasonable time to pay a reasonable bill."—Texas Siftings.

—"Edith Remedied—Hardy Upton—"Say, Mrs. Skinner, it's awful, these cold nights, to lie on this mattress with only a sheet over one. Can't you arrange it differently?" Mrs. Skinner—"Certainly! Lie on the sheet and pull the mattress over you."—Portland Transcript.

—"Abraham, the wine merchant, called at the advertising office of a leading paper and inquired if the big advertisement of Traubel, the liquor merchant, which that day figured in the columns of said paper, was going to appear again. "Oh, yes," unthinkingly replied the clerk. "It has to be kept in for a month." "In that case," said Abraham, "will you please insert immediately below it the following announcement: 'Abraham Isaac Jacob, wine and liquor merchant, supplies all the wines named in the above advertisement 10 per cent. cheaper.'"—Gaulois.

—"Lord Aberdeen tells the following story of himself: He left London at midnight in a sleeping-car for the north. In the morning when he was awakened he saw a stranger opposite him. "Excuse me," said the stranger, "may I ask if you are rich?" "Some what surprised, his lordship replied that he was tolerably well-to-do. "May I ask," continued the stranger, "how rich you are?" "Well, if it will do you any good to know," was the reply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds." "Well," went on the stranger, "if I were as rich as you and snored as loudly as you I should take a whole car, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."

DEER ARE FOND OF TOBACCO.